

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, November 17, 1876, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. PALACE HOTEL, San Francisco, Friday, Nov. 17, 1876. My dear Alec:

Mr. Flagg of the "Morning Call" has come and established himself beyond all hope of a speedy exit, so I begin this to you. I am so mad, when I wrote that card I thought I had no time, since then I have written a long letter to Lina. I don't know what unearthly hour it is, and you my dear are sound asleep in your "tiny tiny bed." O it is gorgeous to think I sit up later than you do nowadays. Thank you ever so much for your bright letter of Nov. 9th. After all you see the Haze is in a fair way to clear off and find us firm, or rather not to clear away for the next four years.

I am very glad Willie is better, but Alec are you careful how you meet the members of your classes after seeing him. I do not apprehend any danger to you or them, but they may not think so and you owe it to them to be careful. I am sorry for your failure, but it does not seem to have been your fault, you can well afford any such failures. It is so nice to hear from you after this long silence it is like peering through a thick mist.

Papa woke me before the sun this morning to see the lovely mountain country through which we were passing. We were traveling along the summit of one side of a mountain ridge which formed a sort of ring into the middle of which another ridge projected ending in a conical shaped mountain around whose base a narrow stream wended it's way, "Over stones" — and what else? It was such a wild scene, but so different from that we saw the day before. Then the sage bush reigned lord here, the fir tree covered and beautified everything. 2 We went on passing through other scenes as wild but now pretty homesteads grow more frequent, and we had come to the land of the everlastingly green trees and grass. Uncle Sam says it is spring here now, that the hills are covered with wild

## Library of Congress

flowers. The leaves of the trees we saw looked brown and old. We neared San Francisco just as the sun was sinking behind the hills on which the city is built. So we could only see the outline of the buildings against the sky, the rest was covered with haze. Mr. Flagg has risen to go at last, so goodnight with very much love.

Your, Mabel.